

The lovely Northern Lasse,

Who in the Dirty here complaining, shewes
What harme she got milking her Daddies Ewes.

To a pleasant Scotch tune, called, *The broome of Cowdon knoes*



Through Iddersdals as lately I went,
I musing on did passe,
I heard a Maide was discontent
She sigh'd and said alas :
All maids that ever deceived was,
beare a part of these my woes,
For once I was a bonny Lasse,
when I milkt my daddies Ewes,
With O, the broome, the bonny broom
the broome of Cowdon knoes,
Faine would I be in the North Countrey,
to milke my daddies Ewes,

My Love into the field did come,
when my daddie was from home,
Sugred words he gave me there,
prais'd me for such a one :
His honny breath and lips so soft,
and his alluring eye.
And tempting tongue hath woo'd me off,
now forces me to cry,
All maids, &c.

He sed me with his pretty chat,
so well discourse could he,
Talking of this thing and of that,
which greatly liked me :
I was sorely taken with his speech,
and with his comely making,
He used all the meanes could be,
to inchant me with his speaking,
All maids &c.

In Danby Forrest I was borne,
my beauty did excell,
My parents dearely loved me,
till my belly began to swell :
I might have been a Princes peer,
when I came o'er the knoes,
Till the Shepheards boy beguiled me,
milking my daddies Ewes,
All maids, &c.

When once I felt my belly swell :
no longer might I abide
My mother put me out of doores,
and bange'd me back and side:
Then did I range the world so wide,
wandring amongst the knoes,
Cursing the boy that helped me,
to fold my daddies Ewes,
All maids, &c.

Who would have thought a boy so young,
would have used a Maideen so,
So to allure her with his tongue,
and then from her to goe,
Which hath alas procured my woes,
to credit his faire shewes,
Which now to late repent I doe,
the milking of the Ewes,
All maids that ever deceived was,
beare a part of these my woes,
For once I was a bonny Lasse,
when I milkt my daddies Ewes.

The lovely Northern Lasse,

Who in the Dirty here complaining, shewes
What harme she got milking her Daddies Ewes.

To a pleasant Scotch tune, called, *The broome of Cowdon knowes*



Through Aldersdale as lately I went,
I musing on did passe,
I heard a Maide was discontent
She sigh'd and said alas :
All maids that ever deceived was,
beare a part of these my woes,
For once I was a bonny Lasse,
when I milkt my daddies Ewes,
With O, the broome, the bonny broom
the broome of Cowdon knowes,
Faine would I be in the North Countrey,
to milke my daddies Ewes,

My Love into the field did come,
when my daddie was from home,
Sugred words he gave me there,
prais'd me for such a one :
His honny breath and lips so soft,
and his alluring eye.
And tempting tongue hath wooed me off,
now forces me to cry,
All maids, &c.

He sed me with his pretty chat,
so well discourse could he,
Talking of this thing and of that,
which greatly liked me :
I was sorely taken with his speech,
and with his comely making,
He used all the meanes could be,
to inchant me with his speaking,
All maids &c.

In Danby Forrest I was borne,
my beauty did excell,
My parents dearely loved me,
till my belly began to swell :
I might have been a Princes peer,
when I came o'er the knees,
Till the Shepheards boy beguiled me,
milking my daddies Ewes,
All maids, &c.

When once I felt my belly swell :
no longer might I abide
My mother put me out of doores,
and bange'd me back and side:
Then did I range the world so wide,
wandring amongst the knees,
Curling the boy that helped me,
to fold my daddies Ewes,
All maids, &c.

Who would have thought a boy so young,
would have used a Maideen so,
So to allure her with his tongue,
and then from her to goe,
Which hath alas procured my woes,
to credit his faire shewes,
Which now to late repent I doe,
the milking of the Ewes,
All maids that ever deceived was,
beare a part of these my woes,
For once I was a bonny Lasse,
when I milkt my daddies Ewes.

The second Part, to the same tune.



ALL Maids faire then have a care,
When you a milking goe,
Trust not to young mens tempting tongues,
That will deceive you so,
Then you shall finde to be unkinde,
and glory in your woes,
For the Shepherds boy beguiled me,
folding my Daddies Ewes.
All Maids &c.

If you your Virgin-honours keep,
Esteeming of them deare,
You need not then to waile and weep,
Of your parents anger feare:
As I have said of them beware,
would glory in your woes,
You then may sing with merry cheere,
milking your daddies Ewes.
All Maids, &c.

A young man hearing her complaint,
did pittie this her case,
Saying to her sweet beautilous Saint,
I grieve so faire a face
Should sorrow so, then sweetly know
to ease thee of thy woes,
He goe with thee to the North Countrey,
to milke thy daddies Ewes,
All Maids, &c.

Leander like I will remaine,
Still constant to thee ever,
As Pyramus, or Troyalus,
All death our lives shall sever:

Let me be hated evermore,
Of all men that me knowes,
If false thes Sweet heart I be,
milking thy daddies Ewes,
All Maids, &c.

Then modestly she did reply,
might I so happy be,
Of you to finde a husband kinde,
and for to marry me,
Then to you I would during life,
continue constant still,
And be a true obedient wife,
observing of your will.
With O the broom, the bonny broom,
the broom of Cowden knoes,
Fainewould I be in the North Countrey,
milking my daddies Ewes.]

Thus with a gentle soft embrace,
he took her in his armes,
And with a kisse he smiling said,
He shield thee from all harmes,
And instantly will marry thee,
to ease thee of thy woes,
And goe with thee to the North Countrey,
to milke thy Daddies Ewes.
With O the broom, &c.

FINIS.

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